

APRIL 24, 1921

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life



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PA AND MA JONGG

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FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



From all over the world inventors submit suggestions and plans to General Motors, knowing that their rights will be respected and protected

Headquarters for ideas

It is natural that General Motors, having such diversified activities in the automotive field, should receive all sorts of ideas, from all parts of the world.

But the development of motor transportation is no longer dependent upon the work of isolated inventors. In Dayton, Ohio, General Motors maintains the largest research laboratory of its kind—a six-acre plant where the efforts of the scientist, the engineer and the inventor are coordinated to make certain that improvement of the family's products will be continuous.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

The Ordeal of Fedora

In the days when I was quite myself, a week ago, I decided to purchase a hat. I was too much of a moral coward to take the hat next to mine in the restaurant; I chose the Obvious Way. I went into the hat store and surrendered myself to the clerk.

"Just something inoffensive in brown," I murmured, and assumed the pained look that comes to people who are waiting to be measured for a pair of trousers. The clerk brought it out and set it on my head. "Perhaps you would like this one," he said. "But it's not brown," I whimpered. "Perhaps," repeated the clerk with a meaningful intonation, "you'd like this one."

I thought I heard an explosive snort behind me, and whirled around, but there was nobody there. "You see," I began in a squeaky falsetto, and then cleared my throat and started over again in a domineering bass, "you see, I wanted brown."

The clerk was nice about it. "Don't you think you had better try this one?" he said once more, looking me clearly in the eye. I began to realize there was something wrong.

As I put the thing on my head, I heard the explosive snort again, and turned in time to see a figure retreat rapidly up the aisle and disappear behind the neckties. Just then I saw myself in the mirror.

I had always imagined that I was fairly impressive in my way, and that there was something world-wise about the eyes that set me off a little. "There goes a man who knows life," I could fancy elderly men saying as I passed them in the street. "Plain, but the kind of face I could trust," women would remark.

One glance at the thing that stared back at me out of the glass, and I understood why the clerk had acted as he did. It was the kind of face that you would expect to see push its nose back with a forefinger and pull its lips wide apart, to look like a Chinese. It was a face you might find on something seated in the center of Broadway counting its fingers and humming "Tumtyum!" If I had seen it outdoors I should have reported it.

As I walked out of the store in my new gray hat, there was an added meaning for me in the glances that passers-by gave me. I was in on their secret now. When two girls giggled and whispered behind me, I knew just what they were saying. That is why I am trying to grow a beard.

C. F.

Crushed in the Jam

"How was Dobbs' car smashed?"

"It seems he was going down Main Street and called out, 'Hey, Smith! Want a ride?'"

The Snob

WITH his nose thrust high into the air and his eyebrows arched at a decided angle, he strode magnificently down the street. Beneath his arm he carried a guide book, to which he would refer from time to time. Suddenly he hesitated before a house and, gazing at the little volume, began to look impressed. His glance reverted to the house.

"Ah!" he murmured. "The Pepperwits' residence. Very handsome. Very handsome indeed!"

"That's not the Pepperwits'," a passing street urchin, who had overheard the comment, informed him. "The Pepperwits are next door."

"Of course," said the other under his breath, frowning slightly. "Of course. Next door. The Pepperwits couldn't possibly live in such a looking shack as that."

Government Personals

(From the Anytown Daily News)

ORLANDO NOLUCK went to the poor-house to-day. Formerly one of our leading millionaires, Mr. Noluck has been appearing daily before a Congressional investigating committee for the last four years, being the first cousin of the wife of a man who is reported to have carried a suitcase figuring prominently in the probe. Upon returning to our city, Mr. Noluck found that the State had confiscated his property for non-payment of taxes.

* * *

Lem Simpkins made a mistake of thirty-three cents in his income tax three years ago and the Government has just put twenty more investigators on the job.

* * *

The movement to nationalize labor is said to be rapidly gaining ground, there now being $2\frac{1}{4}$ Government employees to every taxpayer.

* * *

One hundred and fifty additional Government inspectors arrived to-day in connection with the Sam Brown case. The Government claims Mr. Brown failed to pay for ten cents' worth of stamps at the local post-office twelve years ago last Christmas rush.

* * *

Art Judd drove across the State line with a can of home-made soup for a sick friend yesterday without telegraphing the Interstate Commerce Commission and is expecting to leave for the Federal pen at any minute.

* * *

Homer Ink, local director of the Government's paper conservation campaign, has just hired another hall to hold the most recent stock of literature sent him on the topic by the Government.

F. H. W.



AT THE HEART
of the
RICHEST VALLEY in the WORLD

"An Extra Measure of Service"

The CONTINENTAL and
COMMERCIAL
BANKS

CHICAGO

Resources more than \$500,000,000



A "world crier" that will speedily broadcast your urgent messages with utmost surety and economy

Unnumbered thousands of the world's most progressive and successful business men and educators are using the Mimeograph as a speedy and economical means of disseminating their best inspiration and information.

To this type of man the Mimeograph is just as important a working tool as is the typewriter or the telephone.

Not only does it permit him to do many new kinds of forward work, which would be quite impossible without its help, but in the daily routine it is everywhere saving great volumes of money, by reducing printing costs and lowering duplicating charges.

A great economizer!

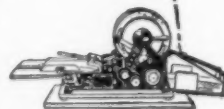
In some places it has saved more than its purchase price in a single week; in thousands of places it has been a conspicuous factor in remarkable economies.

A great economizer!

Its regular hourly output of five thousand well printed duplicates of letters, bulletins, forms, blanks, drawings, designs, etc., neatly and quickly produced under personal supervision, has made it a standard of civilization.

A great economizer!

Our free booklet "W-4" will undoubtedly show how the Mimeograph can save a great deal of time and money for you. The A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will mail copy on your request. Send for it today.



Life



"HOW'S THE GARDEN COMING ALONG?"
"FINE. IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SPROUTING."

Life Lines

HARRY F. SINCLAIR has been indicted for contempt of the United States Senate. Why pick on Harry?

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It seems that Government officials in Washington have gone in for an orgy of Capitol punishment.

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More than one dark horse is being fed on straw votes.

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Before going farther with the proposal to move old English churches to this country, it might be well to consider whether the American people have not already exceeded their quota.

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It is rumored that the Municipal Theatre in Mayor Hylan's Central Park Art Centre will open with Miss Marion Davies in "Little Old New York."

┆┆

The whole theory of inoculation is merely a contradiction in germs.

The value of the United States Navy is officially placed at \$1,455,992,000. Unfortunately this is believed to be somewhat more than Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny are prepared to pay for it.



FILIPINO VOTER STUDYING SELF-GOVERNMENT FROM AMERICAN PRESS DISPATCHES.

A Jingo is a man who believes in making hate while the sun shines.

┆┆

Democracy: Government of the people, by the people, for the oil speculators.

┆┆

A 500,000-year-old skull has been unearthed near Hollywood. Some one always seems to be pulling bones in that locality.

┆┆

It seems a pity that with all our radio receiving sets no one has yet picked up the Lost Chord.

┆┆

An astrologer has seen victory in the stars for Coolidge, but the Republican managers are still focusing their attention on the Middle West.

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This is National Forest Week. It will be followed almost immediately by Better Woodpile Week.



Native: WHY DON'T YOU TRY A WORM?

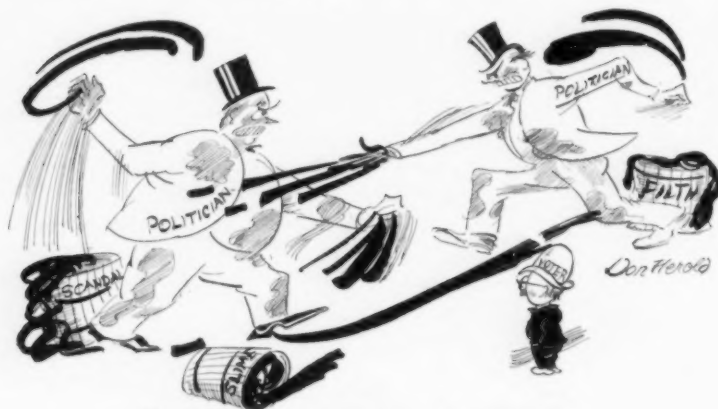
Unsuccessful Dry-Fly Specialist: WORMS! MY GOOD MAN, YOU AND I DON'T SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE.

Native: I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT, BUT THE FISH SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME BETTER.

"IS Feinstein really such a good business man?"

"I give you my word, if he found the wolf at his door some night he'd sell you a silver fox set the next morning."

HAVING enlisted the aid of Tex Rickard and Flo Ziegfeld, the Democratic Party should not overlook Max Reinhardt, who produces miracles.



Voter: NOW, LET ME SEE; LET ME GET THIS CLEAR.

The Mah Jongleur

SEVEN glaring characters; six little dots;

How I miss the good old roodle pots.
Dragons done in silver; dragons colored green;

Once I held a straight flush to the queen.

Build a house of bamboo; fashion it of reed;

Some one's shy his ante. Show some speed.

If you are the East Wind, then I am the West;

Still I like my poker games the best.
James K. McGuinness.

Cooks and the Cosmos

WE are writing to our Congressman—and we hope you will do the same—protesting against a high protective tariff on cooks. We are decidedly hostile to a policy of isolation in that respect. It has given us indigestion.

There was a time, we admit, when we favored cooks that were one hundred per cent. American, but that was before their wages got the same way. Now we are urging that any immigrant who declares at Ellis Island that she is a cook or is willing to try to be a cook be detained there only long enough for us or some other chronically cookless persons to sign her up.

Once such a cook is captured, we are willing to give bond that our household will make her happy and at home. For that purpose we have become cosmopolites.

We have on hand a large file of recipes for national dishes. Come what cook may, we are ready for her. Or, if she chooses, she may exercise the right of self-determination of menus. Similarly, we have read up on national aspirations and folklore for dinner-table conversation, and we can render any given anthem on short notice.

We are informing our Congressman of these preparations, to convince him of our sincerity in advocating that the admission of cooks to this country be based not on a quota law but on a bonus.

Let Congress, we demanded, in this burning question lay aside its policy of *laissez faire* and adopt one of *cherchez la femme*.

Fairfax Downey.

My Husband Says

THAT no institution can be successfully run without rules, and he wishes I would be more observant of the Golden Rule in the institution we call Home.

But I really do not care for rules, and I think they must be especially annoying to the inmates of prisons.

Just fancy *never* going to a matinee or recital without an attendant! But my husband says the prisoners do not care for the same sort of amusements that I do, and that he, himself, personally, can imagine no greater punishment for a man than to be obliged to attend the average recital.

They have a sad rule in our library which prohibits a barefoot boy from getting a book, and the boys are *so* disappointed and embarrassed.

I just adore barefoot boys, and my husband says that Whittier did, too.

We once met a dear old bishop with freckles like little ginger snaps who told us that when he was a kid his greatest joy was to feel the warm mud of springtime oozing up between his toes. And he said he got his first impression of higher ideals from a book.

L. Blanche Simpson.

TEACHER: Now if I write "n-e-w" on the blackboard, what does that spell?

SMALL PUPIL: New.

TEACHER: That's right. Now if I put a "k" in front of it?

SMALL PUPIL: Canoe.



Polite Young Dentist: GOOD MORNING, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

Martial Matters

"Gen. Motors is steadily advancing."—*Stock Journal*.

IF this be true we shall not be surprised to hear that Maj. Operation is cutting his way through to Corp. Punishment, who has had rough treatment from the enemy, and to Pvt. Ground, who is entirely surrounded; also that Sgt. Painting has been commissioned.



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

*We know
that working
on a skyscraper
is dangerous,
Louise.
We boys
all know it*



*Then, Gerald,
you must be
more careful
about the impression
you give out
about it*

*Don
Herold*

One Craft Hurting Another

By Don Herold

THE structural iron worker's wife was kissing him good-by as he left for his day's work.

"I don't want you posing on top of any skyscrapers to-day talking to one of the boys about how dangerous it is for pedestrians down on the street among the automobiles, or commenting on the chances that prizefighters take, or otherwise making light of the dangers of your own profession," she said.

"I know my work is dangerous," he replied.

"Of course it's dangerous," she insisted.

"Darned dangerous," he replied.

"It's awful dangerous."

"I know it. It's terrible dangerous."

"I expect you to be brought home missing, any day."

"I'm scared every minute I'm up there. If it were not for the high

wages and the fact that we are trying to put Bessie through Vassar, I'd quit the work in a minute and get a good safe job on terra firma."

"But the fact remains, Gerald, that somehow or other you and your contemporaries in the structural iron profession have created the impression that you all feel that your jobs are safer than almost everybody else's job. This impression, my instincts tell me, will sooner or later find reflection in a lowered wage scale in your trade."

"It's darned dangerous work, Louise. I know it. In fact, it's precarious. And all the other fellows know it too. We are all nervous about it."

"But the impression is growing that it *isn't*. Just yesterday, Mrs. Scratch was saying she wished her husband had a good safe job on a skyscraper. He's a bookkeeper. She says bookkeepers are constantly in danger of ink infec-

tion and paper poisoning and lung trouble from eraser dust."

"Huh, bookkeeping perilous!"

"Gerald, it is the cartoonists who are doing you this injury. There were at least five thousand cartoons last year treating your dangers lightly. The cartoonists have got to quit treating the structural iron profession with a whimsical touch."

"What can we do about it?"

"Gerald, I've an idea. Why can't you bring the matter up at the meeting of your local union to-night and draft a letter to Mr. Gompers and have him influence the local cartoonists' union to cut out that kind of comedy? I am sure those cartoonist boys don't want to injure a sister craft."

"That's right. And if *that* fails, maybe we can get the steel companies to shut off their supply of pen points. That would stop their joking."

"Yes, sir, if it is necessary you can resort even to that. Good-by, dear. Don't slip to-day."

Perfection à la Profiteer

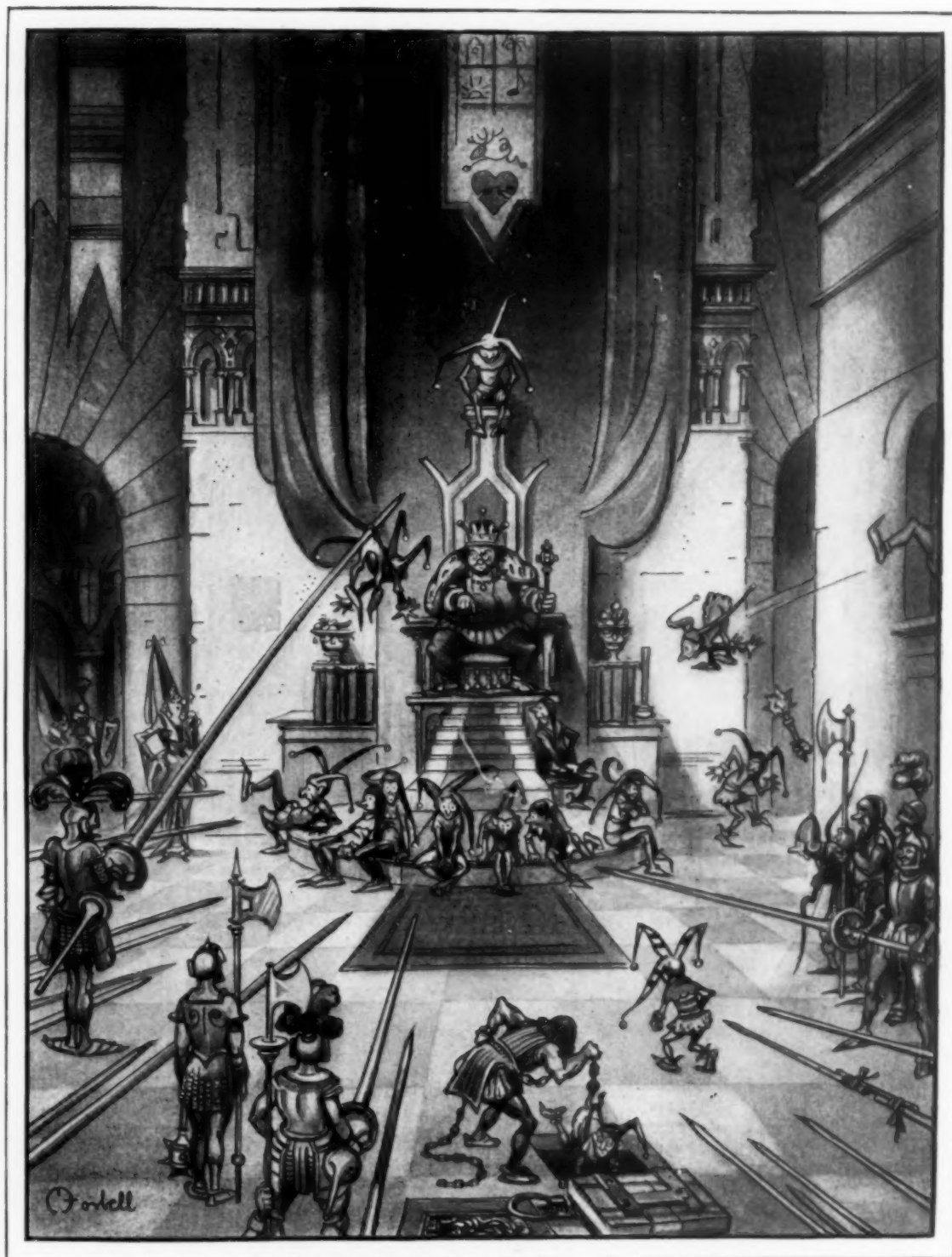
"TELL me," said Henry P. Blotz, the sawdust king, to Oscar W. Pflomwitz, the mucilage magnate, "the name of the architect who designed your super-superb, palatial mansion. It is, without question, the showiest thing I have ever glimpsed in all my life. It fairly reeks of dollars. It is BIG."

"Huh!" replied Oscar W., toying with his diamond-studded toothpick. "I never had an architect. Certainly not. I left it all in the hands of the moving-picture directors."

EVERY little bit helps. True; but it only helps a little bit.



A NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD HAS NO TERRORS FOR THE OWNER OF A LIGHT CAR.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
YE KING KEEPETH HYS WYTS ABOUT HYM.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

Restaurant Manager: BUSINESS IS ROTTEN. WE'VE SIMPLY GOT TO HAVE ANOTHER RAID RIGHT AWAY.
Prohibition Director: SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT WE'RE ALL BOOKED UP FOR THIS WEEK. HOW WOULD NEXT TUESDAY EVENING SUIT YOU—SAY, ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK?

The Mah Jong Clinic

Aid and Advice Cheerfully Dispensed by Expert Followers of the Oriental Pastime

IN opening a Mah Jong clinic free to the populace, LIFE has been stimulated by a single motive—a desire to disseminate a broader, simpler, more uniform understanding of the elementary principles of the great Chinese game.

Send in your problems and perplexities and let our staff of tile experts wrinkle their brows and pass you out the straight dragon on what's what and who's bamboo. No problem can be too intricate, no question too personal. From building the wall to fishing a full moon out of the bottom of the sea, we are prepared to settle any and all disputes.

Let the Mah Jong clinic be a real service in the community.

Questions and Answers

Q. Holding three Bamboos, four Characters and a Soda Biscuit, what should I discard when the wind shifts suddenly into the southeast? *W. O. C.*

A. That's too easy. Ask a hard one next time. Simply pung the ace of spades, change seats with your wife's half-sister and go right on playing.

Q. Last night I held the Seven Sutherland Sisters, the Four Brown Brothers and the Duncan Twins. This morning I have a queer feeling in my head. Do you think it is serious? *W. O. R.*

A. Very. You are over-Mah Jonged. Take a White Dragon in a glass of water after meals. If you get no relief after several doses, go to bed and have some one pack your chest with Ones and Nines. This should do the trick.

Q. In our household we play a quiet little family game for small stakes. Lately we have discovered that A, a consistent winner, is a neck-stretcher. How should this situation be handled? *K. D. K. A.*

A. Delicately, my dears, delicately. Wait until you see the whites of his eyes, aim accurately, and pull the trigger firmly with the index finger. If you have no automatic handy, borrow father's niblick.

Q. In a drawn game where no player has gone Mah Jong,

A bets that his Bouquet of Seasons registers a score. B bets otherwise. Who loses? *W. D. A. P.*

A. Both of you. In the event described the ball is brought out to the centre of the field and a free kick is allowed the defending team. Fore!

Q. Our Mah Jong set, purchased at a reliable store at a fancy price, is beginning to discolor. What would you advise to remedy this? *W. E. A. F.*

A. Glad you asked that one. Many Mah Jong fans are suffering from the same ailment. Soak the tiles in a half-and-half mixture of Gordon Gin and Mumm's Extra Dry. Season to taste and allow to cool quickly. Serve in ramekins. *Torrey Ford.*

PRUE: So you called in a specialist?
SUE: Yes, they have so much more confidence in me.



Doctor (awakened at 4 A. M.):
WHAT'S THAT—YOU CAN'T SLEEP?
WELL, JUST HOLD THE WIRE AND
I'LL TELL YOU A BEDTIME STORY.

Commandment

"LOVE thy neighbor as thyself."
That were easy doing
If my neighbors everywhere
Challenged me to wooing,
As sweet Phyllis sets my heart
Beating like a tabor.
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
Could command be sweeter,
When dear Phyllis smiles at me,
As each morn I greet her?
Work were play and effort naught,
If for her I'd labor.
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor.

E. K. B.

AMERICANS are a nature-loving people who enjoy nothing more than watching their Favorite Sons set.



PASSING THE BUCCANEERS



Betty: AND HAVE YOU ALWAYS LOVED DADDY?

Mother: OF COURSE, DEAR.

"EVEN WHEN I CAME BETWEEN YOU?"

Mrs. Peps' Diary

April
14th

My cook in at the outset of this day, and I taxed her with always substituting another vegetable when I order peas, whereupon she did announce that shelling peas made her sleepy. So I told her to have some for dinner and to send them in to me for preparation, and I do hope that I have thereby put an end to such silliness....A telegram from our cozen Amy commissioned me to send some flowers to a Mistress Emily Moreland, nor did the zany mention what the tribute was to commemorate, so I ordered a corsage, and it was only by the grace of God I chanced to read in the papers that the woman was dead, and could catch the florist in time....A-walking through the town all afternoon, timorous, as usual, of the urchins on roller skates, but managed to come off without having my shins barked once....Sam and I fell a-talking of sex equality, and he bade me cite him one instance, excluding physical prowess, wherein his own might honestly be called the stronger sex, and I could think of naught save that men have larger pocket handkerchiefs than women.

April
15th

Reading in the publick prints Mr. Percy Hammond's statement that he has searched all his life in vain for a satisfactory lead-pencil and a satisfactory watch, I

arose at once and started forth to send him the stylus I use myself, but Lord! I cannot send him a repeater like Sam's, having considered the lilies of the field so insufficiently during the past fortnight that my husband, poor wretch,

(Continued on page 29)

The Sentimental Note in Science

WE were interested to discover not long ago that even the more formal and deadly documents of science—the Ph. D. theses, monographs, and reprints from philosophical and scientific journals—are not always unconcerned with the sentimental matters of life. In what ecstatic moments were the following indited:

THE CATALYTIC POISONING OF HOPHTHALITE.

BY JOHN JONES, PH.D.

To Mary, on her birthday.

John.

MIGRATION OF THE TERTIARY FOOT IN CRUSTACEANS.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, Sc.D.

For Jim, in memory of our walking trip.

Billy.

THE ADDITION OF COLD CREAM TO DIMETHYL AND THE CRUDE BE- HAVIOR OF PHENYL BENZOYL ACETYLENE.

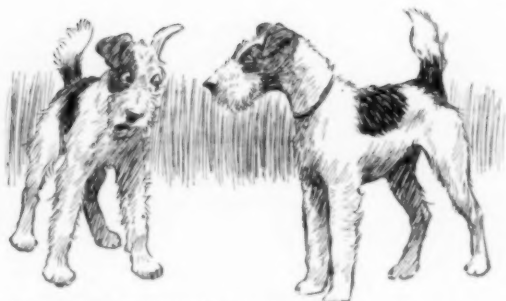
BY PROFESSOR CAULDIS ICE.

To my sweetheart.

Cauldis.



"LOOK, MAMMA! THEY'VE GOT A BITE."



"SO YOU'RE CHAMPION THORNEYCROFT TOUGH GUY.
SAY, BO, I WANTA SEE YA IN ACTION. LET'S GO!"



"HULLY GEE! YA CAN'T APPROACH A TOM CAT
LIKE THAT."



"YA GOTTA RUSH 'IM."



"YOUR CAT TECHNIQUE IS SOME ROTTEN. LET'S SEE
YA TRIM BIG BUTCH COMIN' HERE."



"DON'T STOP TO ARGUE, KID! RUSH 'IM."



"SAY, IF I HADN'T GOT IN AN' BEAT THIS BIRD TO
THE PUNCH, WELL—"



"LOOKA HERE, BO, YOU'RE A NICE GAME LI'L DOG AN'
I LIKE THE SET OF THEM LOVELY EARS AN' THEM
NICE STRAIGHT FRONT LEGS COMIN' OUTA ONE HOLE
AN' THEM CAT FEET, BUT SAY—"



"CHAMPION? WHATCHA MEAN, CHAMPION?"

Jonesville Goes Fishing

"YOU can't sell a man who has a bass on his mind," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman, as he dropped into one of the hickory chairs outside the New Palace Hotel in Jonesville. "I have been trying for years to get the house to see that there is no use covering this territory during the casting season."

"The rest of the year not one of my customers would let a note go to protest or fail to discount a bill; but from the time the trays of artificial bait appear in the store windows until the lake season ends, the word 'bankruptcy' loses its meaning. Some of these old fellows would welcome a receiver, for he could keep store while they fished."

"I remember one time the President made Jonesville on one of his speaking tours. One of my best customers was mayor, and president of the Chamber of Commerce, and the committee was looking for him to welcome the President and give him the keys of the city. The mayor couldn't be found. After the President was gone he turned up. He had gone to the basement of his store on an errand and had run across an



THE WEIGH OF ALL FLESH

old fishing reel. He had sat down to examine it and had forgotten about his engagement.

"I might as well lay off for a month and go fishing."

McC. H.

There Are Limits

EACH day I take a careful squint
At every journal (Morn. and Eve.)
And all the news that's fit to print
I conscientiously perceive.
I trace persistently the flow
Of crime, rebellion, war and peace—
And yet, somehow, I never know
Just who is at the helm in Greece.
R. E. S.

Off to a Bad Start

HAVING obtained his American citizenship, Diogenes arrived in Washington.

"What are you doing here?" they asked him. "Surely not looking for an honest man?"

"I am not quite so foolish as all that," Diogenes replied. "I am merely looking for that proudest of all American possessions, an 'inalienable right.'"

A murmur of disappointment arose from the crowd.

"Better go back to your first love," they advised him. "You'll find it a whole lot easier."

SOME people's records would not sound well on their phonographs.



METHUSELAH HAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY

“We Want Bigger and Better Wars”

THE four winning answers in LIFE's Great War Prize Contest will be announced in the May 8th issue, two weeks from the present date of publication. Checks will be forwarded to the successful contestants at that time, and arrangements will be made for their reception by the Senatorial Investigating Committee. The fighting will start at once. Following are some of the plans submitted in the final hours of the drive:

The Language of Diplomacy

CHANGE the “status quo” to the “status quo ante” by applying the “quid pro quo” clause to the “affaire d'honneur.” This will result either in an “amende honorable,” or an “argumentum ad hominem.” But “fatti maschii, parole femine,” and “Gott mit uns” is a good “ex post facto” excuse. Besides, the “tout ensemble” of “amour propre” is the “ne plus ultra” of “quien sabe,” “n'est-ce pas?” Q. E. D.

Of course no one understands what all this means, but that is the “sine qua non” of good diplomacy, and nothing has yet been discovered better than diplomacy to start wars or keep them going.

WILLIAM T. MILLER,
113 Tyndale St.,
Roslindale, Mass.

Non-Returnable

SEND the Senatorial Investigating Committee to Europe. Scatter them all around, let them see everything. Then, just before they pass through Ellis Island on their way back, decide that the quota of incoming Senators is filled, and send them all back to the countries they sailed from. These countries will declare war within twenty-four hours.

KENNETH TAYLOR,
1215 North Hobart Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Loud Speaker

(By following these directions, even children can start a nice war; in fact, the directions are designed for children and imbeciles, though they are more often followed by men—and women—past the “military age.”)

1. Expect it.
2. Talk about it as inevitable.
3. Never let any one consider you a “pacifist”—this is cowardly.
4. Prepare for it by building the biggest Army, Navy and Air Force; have universal military training. Or, Proclaim your intention of doing these things, and then follow your instincts.
5. Get ready to lick any two nations.
6. Get ready to lick any three (four, five, six, etc.) nations.
7. Lay the blame for everything on everybody else (never listen to the other viewpoint).

8. Never agree to anything in advance, and leave all to your statesmen (sic).

9. When it appears imminent, shout, “It is war—our country, right or wrong!”

(If you survive, repeat at intervals.)

A. M. REED,
82 Goden St.,
Belmont, Mass.

Inspirational

SLOGANS will do anything—win a war or start one. Offer the entire soldier bonus to the author of the best slogan to start a war. Edward Bok will be the judge.

W. S. MEAD,
267 Park Avenue,
Takoma Park, D. C.

The Dollar Sign

I BEG to submit the following practical plan for bringing on a new war immediately and permanently, and one of a duration such as will make the Hundred Years' War look like an armistice.

1. The League of Nations will at once incorporate an international organization for the manufacture of cotton raincoats and pasteboard shoes.

2. \$500,000 worth of interest-bearing bonds in this corporation will at once be distributed gratis to every one of every color, of every sex, in every land, provided the recipient is obviously unable to bear arms or otherwise participate in actual warfare.

(Continued on page 30)



A DAY WITH THE PERFECT STATESMAN



APRIL 24, 1924

VOL. 83. 2164

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



SENATOR PEPPER went to Maine with the advice and consent

of President Coolidge and made a keynote speech there. He said that the Democrats, by their investigations into the oil matters and the concerns of the Department of Justice, with the purpose of damaging the Republican party, had "in fact succeeded in discrediting both the great parties to such an extent that an irresponsible and highly dangerous third party is actually suggesting itself to some extremists as a practical possibility." "In other words," he said, "the Democrats have aimed at us and hit America," since, in his view, the safety of the Republic depends upon having two great political parties continually contending with each other in an effort to win and keep public confidence. Because then the activities of the Democrats had done so much damage to the Republicans that a third party was threatened, Senator Pepper affirmed his belief that the Democratic party had recently forfeited whatever claim to public confidence it had possessed.

He said other things in his speech, but that was his main point. It has been received with only moderate enthusiasm. It does not look to average observers as though the Republicans could make a good fight on the basis of the selfish irresponsibility of the Democrats in showing the Republicans up. Senator Borah does not see a good Republican issue in that at all. He made a speech a couple of nights after Senator Pepper had spoken. He made it in Washington in a Baptist church, and announced himself as "not one of those who complain of the Democrats because of anything they have contributed to the revelation which has been brought

about." He said that if one party did not make it its business to show up the other party when it needed doing, the conditions would soon be intolerable in this country. He said that both parties took campaign contributions from anybody that offered them, often from the same person, and that neither party has said anything about it. He thought that a great evil, which tended to give political control and influence to sinister and selfish interests.

It is evident that Mr. Borah's remarks beat Mr. Pepper's. They washed better and they seem to be more acceptable to the public mind. The great exploit of the present administration—the Far-Eastern conference and disarmament—was instigated by Mr. Borah. He seems to be the best mind the Republicans have—if they have it—but he has not been invited yet to make their keynote speech. It is curious. Senator Pepper is a highly respectable character and a notable lawyer and a layman of high influence in the Episcopal Church. He recommended to the bishops at Dallas to put out that letter which made such a disturbance between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists. He is doubtless concerned for the things of the spirit, but with his lawyer's mind he sees their mechanisms big, whereas Borah, with no record for piety, also seems concerned for the things of the spirit, but sees mechanisms much smaller than Mr. Pepper does. Mr. Pepper, however, seeing the need that the Republicans should start something, proposes now a world conference for the consideration of questions affecting the peace of the world. Perhaps Senator Borah will have something to say about that. He is a good hand on conferences and has a creditable achievement on that line in his record, and though he and Mr. Pepper were both

opponents of the League of Nations, Mr. Borah nowadays seems more open-minded even about that than Mr. Pepper is.

Somehow the Republicans have got to do something before election that will offset the charge that they have impeded the return of peace. Mr. Harding's plan was the World Court. It languishes at present in the custody of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. A large section of the Old Guard is opposed to it. There remains the necessity of doing something that will look like helpful co-operation with Europe, and there is Senator Pepper trying to put it over, and there is Senator Borah watching him and quite ready to puncture any illusions he may disclose.

Really it is a hard job this spring to be the Republican administration. But Mr. Stone seems a first-class successor to Mr. Daugherty. Mr. Coolidge has done that.



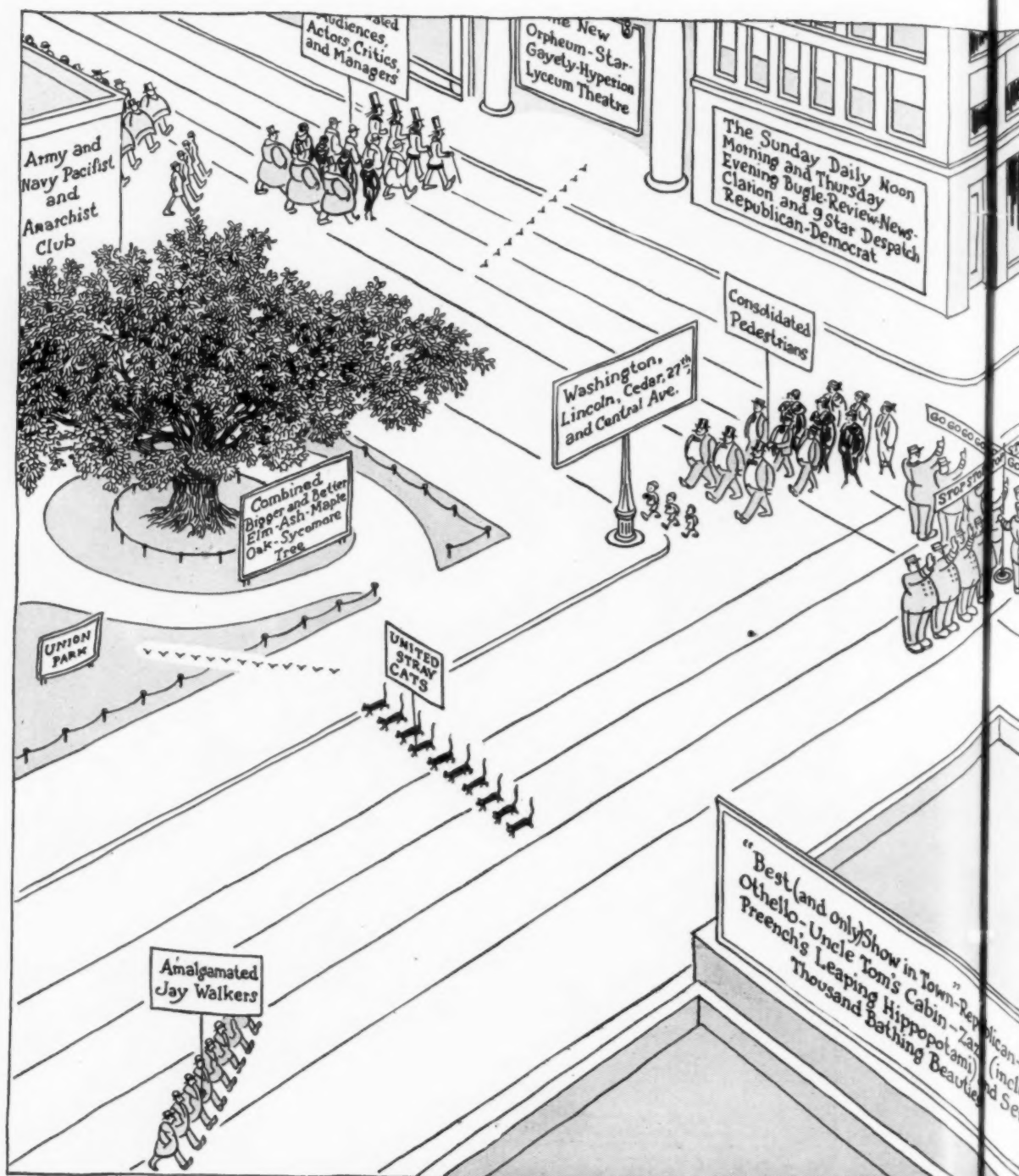
HARVARD UNIVERSITY has come out with an invitation to its backers to produce a fund of ten million dollars for the propagation of chemistry, business and the fine arts. It finds its chemical plant in a state of pitiable destitution, and its school of business and fine-arts department suffering from undernourishment. It wants more laboratories, a bigger art museum, and better means of training young men to be useful in business. The effort to raise ten millions for these purposes shows, especially in Bishop Lawrence, an audacious confidence of belief that there is still some loose money left somewhere in the country.

About the importance of chemistry in current life there is no doubt at all. That we should be waked up and trained into more regard for beauty and more intelligent proceedings about it is beyond dispute. Business has usually been left to struggle along on its own hook, but probably a good business man is better than a bad one in any community and if the Harvard Business School makes good business men, business will probably support it. Meanwhile, just to give the public a line on its capacity, the Harvard Art Department might put out an opinion on the portrait recently done of Mrs. Coolidge, and printed in the papers.

E. S. Martin.



HOUSECLEANING



The Munsey fiction



Rebuttal

SELDOM has any class of the citizenry been more openly taunted into bloody revolution than has the Younger Generation during the current theatrical season. Although considerably past the age when we could be counted as even a post-graduate in their ranks, we hereby volunteer to join the youngsters and wield a massive pike or snipe from the barricades on the day when the inevitable uprising occurs and all the elders of the land are put to death, especially the elder dramatists who have recently taken it upon themselves to put the Younger Generation in its place.



THE satiric method used by our champions of the Older Generation (and what a dirty crack could be taken at the Older Generation if the Younger Generation would only turn its attention to retaliatory playwriting) is to start off with a group of very young people at home for the holidays. They are then made to say that Marriage is not a successful institution, or that the Individual should have more self-expression. For some reason, these truths are supposed to sound funny when spoken by a young person, and, by the same token, "Oh, is that so?" if offered in retort by any one over forty, is counted as one hundred for the side of Age and Experience.

Then follows a scene in which the young people are confronted with an actual opportunity to put their theories into practice, with the final curtain coming down on the kiddies' rushing back to Mother's knee with tears in their eyes and a white flag in their hands.



ALTHOUGH we have always maintained that a dramatist has the exclusive right to make his characters behave as he wishes them to, regardless of what other people might have done under similar circumstances, and that, having done this, he can demand to be judged on whether or not he has turned out an entertaining play, regardless of what the critic may think of its lesson, there isn't much that one can do with "Helena's Boys" except look at it solely in the light of its thesis. For, like its happily short-lived predecessor, "We Moderns," it pushes its thesis constantly up to the footlights and cries out, "Look, look! My thesis!"

As a case against the Boys and Girls, "Helena's Boys" is

one of the most irritatingly unfair and dishonest of a series of unfair and dishonest tirades leveled this year at our children who, as near as we can discover, have done nothing more heinous than use their heads and their souls about one hundred per cent, more than we did when we were children.



OF course, there is Mrs. Fiske to make "Helena's Boys" something more than the commonplace entertainment that it is, but even the employment of Mrs. Fiske is unfair, because she lends to the banal arguments of the mother and her raincoat-manufacturing beau an entirely undeserved aroma of subtlety and intelligence which no chemist could possibly discover in an analysis of them alone. Much more sportsmanlike is the direction of "The Goose Hangs High," where the perfectly rotten old grandmother is made to deliver her bitter lines to the children with no pretense of being anything other than a nasty old person, jealous of youth. Mrs. Fiske ought really to be in a play in which she champions the kiddies.



RECOMMENDING funny men is a precarious venture; so all that we will attempt here is to record the fact that we personally laughed quite a good deal at Fred Allen and Jimmy Savo in the new Shubert "Vogues." Mr. Allen is handicapped slightly by a make-up which gives you the uneasy feeling that he isn't very well, but his line of talk is yards ahead of that of the majority of his class and quite belies his high derby. Mr. Savo is thoroughly delightful and scarcely ever speaks above a whisper. In addition to the distinction of having two funny men, "Vogues" has, in the Pasqualis, the only bounding acrobats that have ever started these chubby hands to clapping. All in all, a good show.



TO those sensitive souls who understood the recent article on this page concerning "All God's Chillun' Got Wings" to mean that we favored miscegenation, we recommend the following course: Reread the article and please be quiet.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden in one classic that ought always to be in revival.

The Dust Heap. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. *Frazee*—A thoroughly interesting portrayal of religious mania, well done.

Leah Kleschna. *Lytic*—To be reviewed later.

Man and the Masses. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

The Miracle. *Century*—You have never seen anything like it.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—A drama of healing with unusually exciting moments. Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—What happens after you die. Of course, if you're not interested—

Rain. *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels still showing them up.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's version of the Maid's career.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—War-time Paris adapted for the theatre and for Helen Menken.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—The wages of sin in the mountain districts.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—A sincere and moving account of the backwoods reaction to the war.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Showing all about man's weakness and what the woman must make up her mind to. An excellent play, notwithstanding.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—We were only fooling all the time. It's a great show.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—A dream play that combines effective satire with good old-fashioned laughs—and Roland Young.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—Old-time comedy in deliberately funny revival in the old-fashioned manner.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—An entertaining view of the young folks in their relation to their elders.

Helena's Boys. *Henry Miller's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland as a lion-hunting bigamist.

Nancy Ann. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Francine Larrimore in a thin trifle.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in a farce with shooting and incessant laughter.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—Middle class home life accurately dragged into the light, with Donald Meek as the pitiful père.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Just about as good a job as has ever been done in the field of everyday characterization. Don't let it go by.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltzinger*—Entertaining dirt, with a fine cast, including Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in what you mean when you say "distinguished comedy."

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Low-grade stuff.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—London stars in our idea of what a revue ought to be.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his funniest.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—A song-hit making a show go.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Generally good and tuneful.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in a nice little show.

Moonlight. *Lengacre*—Julia Sanderson in the midst of a lot of songs.

Mr. Battling Buttlar. *Selwyn*—All right if you don't care much.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Spectacular and Tinney.

Paradise Alley. *Casino*—Not so much.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the old standbys of the current season. Still just about as good as there is.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—Good Negro show with spring additions.

Sitting Pretty. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in their customary hit.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Well, there's Constance Binney.

Vogues. *Shubert*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Much the same.



HARD-BOILED!



"SAY, EMMA, CAN I HAVE TH' NEXT DANCE? I GOTTA GRUDGE AGAINST BILL O'TOOLE, AN' I WANTA SMASH INTA HIM."

THE New York police authorities assert that they are in complete control of the bobbed-hair wave.

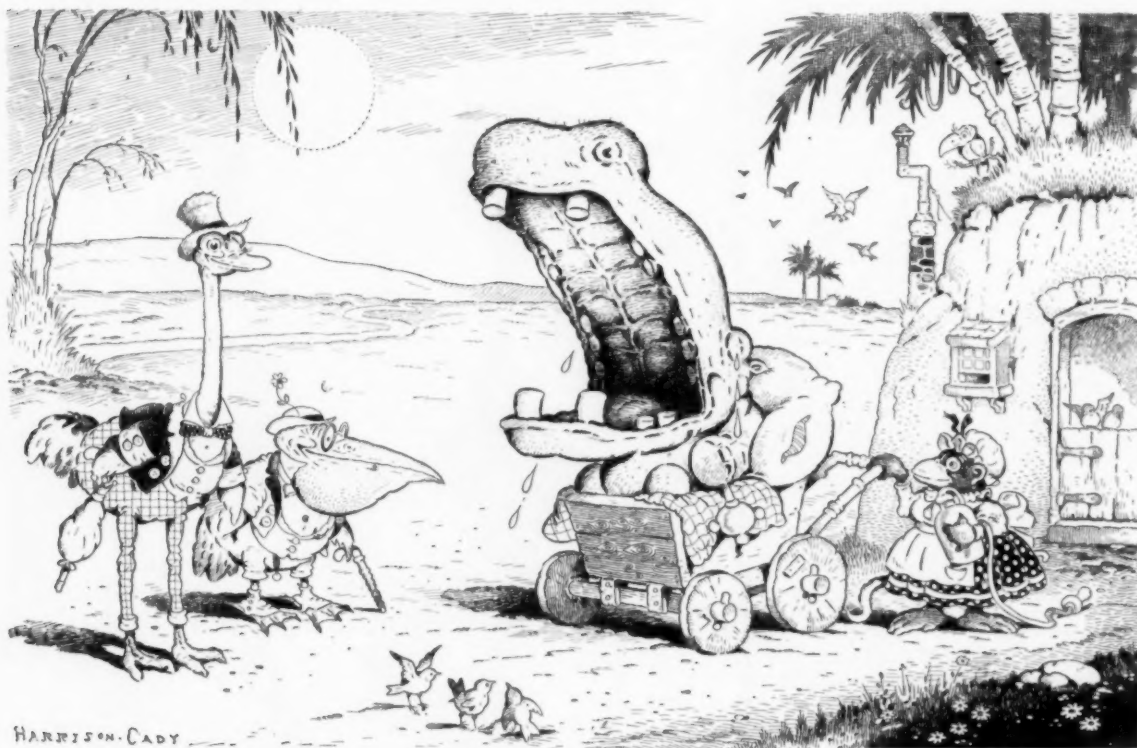
THE isolationist argues that our country might become contaminated by contact with other nations.

Song for an April Dusk

TELL me tales of a lilyed pool
Asleep beneath the sun.
Tell me of woodlands deep and cool,
Where chuckling satyrs run.
Tell me, in light and tinkling words,
Of rippling, lilted streams.
Tell me of radiant-breasted birds
Who sing their amorous dreams.
Tell of the doomed butterfly
That flings his hour away,
Fated to live and love and die
Before the death of day.

Tell me tales of the moon-pale sprites
Whose beauty none may know.
Tell me of secret, silver nights
When great red stars are low.
Tell of the virgin Spring, the fair,
Who roams the circling years,
Rain-drops strung in her fragrant hair,
Her eyes a-mist with tears.
Tell me of elves who leap to kiss,
Who trip the velvet sward.
Tell me stories of things like this,
And, boy, will I be bored!

Dorothy Parker.



HARRISON CADY

Mr. Pelican: HA, HA, THAT LI'L HIPPO BABY WAS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN ITS MOUTH.

Mr. Ostrich: SEEMS TO ME IT MUST HAVE BEEN A STEAM SHOVEL.



Skippy: LISTEN, SOOKY! IF YA WANT TO MAKE THE TEAM YA GOTTA TELL YA MOTHER TO CUT OUT FEEDIN' YA BUNS AND COFFEE.
Sooky: NOW YE'RE TALKIN'.



Skippy: TELL HER YA SHOULD HAVE THE TOP OF THE MILK EVERY MORNING 'N' OATMEAL WITH PLENTY OF RICH CREAM.
Sooky: YEH! UGH! HUH! YOU BET!



Skippy: 'N' BIG THICK JUICY STEAKS 'N' CHOPS WITH SPINACH 'N' MASHED POTATOES.
Sooky: M—M—M! OH, BOY!



Skippy: IMAGINE! BUNS AND COFFEE!



Skippy: 'N' PLENTY O' FRESH EGGS 'N' RICH CREAMY BUTTER.



Sooky: I'LL TELL THE WORLD!



Sooky: LOOK HERE, MOM! YA GOTTA CUT OUT FEEDIN' ME BUNS 'N' COFFEE! SKIPPY SEZ I GOTTA HAVE THE TOP O' THE MILK EVERY MORNIN' 'N' OATMEAL WITH RICH CREAM 'N' THICK JUICY STEAKS 'N' CHOPS 'N' SPINACH 'N' MASHED POTATOES 'N' PLENTY O' FRESH EGGS 'N' RICH CREAMY BUTTER, SKIPPY SEZ.



Skippy: THE SAME OLD STUFF! STEAK 'N' MASHED POTATOES 'N' SPINACH 'N' MILK. IF SOOKY IS LET HAVE BUNS AND COFFEE, I SHOULD BE LET HAVE BUNS AND COFFEE.

Skippy



I DON'T know anything about James Hilton—there aren't any publicity sheets from Little, Brown & Co. around at present. But after reading his "The Passionate Year," I am inclined to believe that he is a confirmed widower. After making such a rash confession, it will probably be just my luck to learn that he is a young girl recently graduated from Newnham College.

"The Passionate Year," while it may never kindle any conflagrations in either the Thames or Hudson, is an absorbingly interesting book. It is difficult to figure out just why this is so, because the central figure is a schoolmaster, and the background is a boy's school. Surely nothing sounds duller than that as material for copy. And yet Mr. Hilton has worked some sort of magic with it. I have heard of individuals who "went to pieces," but I never watched one do so with the thoroughness and dispatch of *Kenneth Speed*. As I read along, I felt that if he made another mistake or said another wrong thing, I should be unable to bear it. But I ate up the story of his misfortunes with the avidity which the hart evidences when he catches up with a cooling stream.

Of course *Speed's* absurd marriage was at the root of it all. Never have I seen the tragedy of mismating so effectively presented as in "The Passionate Year." Nothing short of living and constant agony. I don't suppose that this novel will cause the actual unplighting of any troths, but it may make several people who are about to commit matrimony stop and think it all over again.

THERE is a rumor that will not down that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I never feel that way about it when I want to boost a book. A good bass drum seems then much more to the purpose. If I had one, I should certainly beat it for "The Green Bay

Tree," by Louis Bromfield (Stokes). Here is a novel written by an American about Americans and—you can believe it or not—there isn't one banal thing in it. There is instead an excellent story, lovingly and graphically told. It reminds me, in a way, of a tapestry—but here, here! I am going Democratic.

The jacket says that "The Green

Tree," writers who tell their readers editorially how marvelous their heroines are fall down when they set about endowing these ladies with speech and action. Mr. Bromfield has managed to make *Lily Shane* live up to all that he says and thinks of her himself. And when I consider how many people there are in this broad, free land of ours who would call *Lily* a "bad" woman, I am reminded somewhat pointedly that I laughed before breakfast this morning.



Black Beetle: BY JINKS! I JES' WONDER WHY THEY CALL RADIO FIENDS "BUGS."
Brown Beetle: HUH, I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE THEY ALL HAVE ANTENNÆ.

Bay Tree" deals with life in a great American steel town, but don't let that frighten you off. The book has nothing to do with Capital and Labor. It deals with the lives of the family who cling to their park and stately brick mansion in the center of the town in spite of the encroaching mills which almost surround them. Through it moves a wonderful woman.

Now it isn't often you meet a wonderful woman in a book. Greek drama has a few, and Shakespeare and George Meredith have done something for us in this connection. But ordi-

narily, writers who tell their readers editorially how marvelous their heroines are fall down when they set about endowing these ladies with speech and action. Mr. Bromfield has managed to make *Lily Shane* live up to all that he says and thinks of her himself. And when I consider how many people there are in this broad, free land of ours who would call *Lily* a "bad" woman, I am reminded somewhat pointedly that I laughed before breakfast this morning.

"RÔLES," by Elizabeth Alexander (Little, Brown), is a silly, improbable—which is so much worse artistically than "impossible"—story, and yet it is told in such an engaging manner that you sit down and read it straight through. It is about an entertaining young woman who has everything, including a perfect maid and lingerie from Boué Sœurs, and is discontented nevertheless. She goes to New York, hell-bent for the stage, and finds that she has a perfect double in a young actress playing a minor part in a none-too-successful production. They exchange rôles in real life. The entertaining young woman has a husband and her double has a fiancé, and the whole thing comes out ridiculously and satisfactorily, and you can't ask much more than that. It isn't often you get a book with two heroines, either. This is just the thing to take on the train the next time you go to Philadelphia. It hasn't any particular moral, but the type is nice and large, and the raisins are thick, if you get what I mean.

(Continued on page 31)



Sporting Footpad: HEY, BILL! TRADE Y' COPS!

The Great Divide

SPEAKIN' of that Drama the Odd Fellows is givin' up to the Town Hall next week 'minds me Ed Pearson says ye'd oughter hear Doc Brady tellin' 'bout that son of Widow Gleason takin' Ellie Blaisdell to the The-atre up to Uticy one time. I reckon it was quite a ways back, Ellie eloped with Parson Goodhue's son and has a boy now, they live up to Watertown, leastways they did last accounts.

Well, Ed says he can't tell it as good as Doc, but he says Doc Brady says Ellie was doin' table waitin' up to that boardin' house kep' by that Miss Pruin, that married that



Picture Dealer: YOU SEE, THIS PAINTING HAS A REMARKABLE RHYTHMIC QUALITY OF TONE, ON WHICH IS SUPERIMPOSED A DELIGHTFUL VIBRATION OF COLOR, ALL SUBJUGATED AND KEPT WITHIN THE ARTIST'S CONTROL BY THE MASTERY OF HIS STROKE.

"HIS STROKE IS GOOD, IS IT?"
"WONDERFUL."

"WELL, I'LL TAKE IT—A GOOD STROKE OUGHT TO BE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY."



Grade Crossing Watchman: WHAT DO YOU WANT DOWN THERE?

Muddled Citizen: SHAVE AN' HAIR-CUT—hic.

slick feller from Albany, they say stole that money from Jim Tilton, an' she had to go into the Box Factory up to Taylor's Falls.

Well, it seems Elmer Gleason was clerkin' at the time for Si Larkin and used to deliver groceries up to the boardin' house and the other young lady waitresses used to kid Ellie 'bout Elmer bein' sweet on her. He was awful bashful, Ed says Doc says, but one day he screwed up his courage an' invited Ellie to go to a show with him in Uticy. It seems Ellie didn't let on to the other gels about the invite, as she reckoned they'd guy the life out of 'er, like as not, and the way the whole thing come out was, that Kid Dakin and Natty Packer and some of those sports was up to the show in Uticy too, and they had it all over town in no time.

Ed says Doc said the Gleason boy and Ellie met at the car station and the cars was so crowded they couldn't set next each other goin' to Uticy. An' when they got to the The-atre there was such a jam, the show was only playin' one night, and Elmer 'lowed Ellie'd better take her ticket in case they'd get separated. Ed says Doc laughed so hard when he come to that part, he couldn't go on.

Well, it seems there was a slip-up at the ticket window and Ellie's seat was 'way over to one side of the The-atre an' Elmer's was 'way over to the other side, and darn if that young boob had the guts to go and change the tickets.

Ed says Doc Brady said Ellie Blaisdell got out fust and come back to the Falls on the car ahead of Elmer, madder'n a wet hen. But Ed says what seemed to tickle Doc most was the name of the show. Ed says he thought Doc Brady would bust himself laughing, when he come to that. Doc said the name of the show was "The Great Divide."

Beatrice Herford.

The Silent Drama

"Beau Brummel"

THE movie version of Clyde Fitch's play, "Beau Brummel," achieves greatness in spite of deficient continuity and a story that is too frequently involved. Like its parent play, it is essentially dependent on its players—and in this respect it is nobly equipped.

The screen has known no performance finer, stronger or more perfectly modulated than John Barrymore's in "Beau Brummel." The flashy habiliments of *George Bryan Brummel*, which once encased the eloquent form of Richard Mansfield, fit John Barrymore perfectly; but his realization of the rôle goes far beyond his ability to wear the clothes. He gets under *Beau Brummel's* skin and brings to life this romantic ancestor of the young men who appear in the back pages of *Vanity Fair*.

As the *Beau* grows older, Mr. Barrymore keeps up with him. His aging is no mere matter of painted wrinkles, silvered temples and simulated palsy. There is actual, visual evidence of decay—physical, moral and spiritual. It is a great piece of work.

Nor does Mr. Barrymore play a lone hand. He is ably supported by Willard Louis, as the fat and fatuous *George IV*, and, to a lesser degree, by Winter Hall and Mary Astor.

Incidentally, when John Barrymore and Mary Astor confront each other in the closer close-ups, the spectator has the opportunity to behold the two most perfect profiles in the Anglo-Saxon world. A sight like this certainly makes us one-hundred-per-cent. Nordics feel self-conscious.

"Singer Jim McKee"

IT is extremely difficult to pan one of Bill Hart's pictures.

Nevertheless, "Singer Jim McKee" taxes the most long-winded patience up to and beyond the snapping point. It is unquestionably as bad as it is possible for any six thousand feet of film to be.

Bill Hart impersonates one of those tender, unselfish, molested, misunderstood fellows who divide their affections between a little bebbly and a paint hoss. It is his favorite type of rôle, and it gives him a chance to do an incredible amount of acting.

As I have said, it is terribly hard to utter unpleasant thoughts about a Bill Hart production. But this publication has a reputation for honesty which must be upheld.



MARY ASTOR AND JOHN BARRYMORE IN "BEAU BRUMMEL."



"The Hill Billy"

THERE may be little romance in the stark Southern mountains, but there is unquestionably an enormous amount of high-pressure drama. "Tol'able David" and "Driven" proved this, and the point is again jammed home by "The Hill Billy."

It seems that in the hill country of Tennessee, Kentucky and the Carolinas every family contains at least one sensitive boy who can look beyond the horizon and can appreciate the fact that life isn't entirely a matter of feuds and hardships and Revenue officers. This standard but always appealing character is played, in "The Hill Billy," by Jack Pickford. He does remarkably well by it.

Young Mr. Pickford has achieved a great deal of second-hand fame: as Mary's brother, and again as the inspirer of that classic remark of Marilyn Miller's, "Youth must have love." There is no reason why Jack Pickford should not be prominent on his own account—for, without being a Richard Barthelmess, he is a smooth, competent, sensible actor.

"The Hill Billy" may be reckoned a worthy successor to "Tol'able David."

"Flowing Gold"

WITH so much talk about oil in official circles, and so many jokes about it in humorous periodicals (*advt.*), it seems that we might be spared from it on the screen. But no—there are so many oil wells around Hollywood that they will obtrude themselves into the background occasionally.

"Flowing Gold," which is all about the stormy petrol business, possesses the authenticity of a form letter from ex-Dr. Cook—with none of the literary elegance which marked that master's work.

The book upon which this dreadful picture is based was written by Rex Beach, but he should not be blamed for the result. He probably feels as bad about it as do the rest of us.

Robert E. Sherwood.



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Scandal

An American brings back this story of a Cockney scandal.

"Did you notice," asked one lady of another, in the region round about Bow Bells, "that Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?"

"Did I not?" was the answer. "And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable, I don't."—*Harper's*.

Definition

Christendom may be defined briefly as that part of the world in which, if any man stands up in public and solemnly swears that he is a Christian, all his auditors will laugh.

—*American Mercury*.

Two human derelicts stood on the corner conversing. Said one: "I always said he'd never amount to nothin'."

—*Great Bend Tribune*.



VACUITY

"WHAT BE THINKIN' OF, JANET?"

"NOTHIN' MUCH."

"WHY WORN'T YE THINKIN' OF ME?"

"I WERE."

—*Passing Show (London)*.

The Reveler

The following is not without subtlety. A man came home to the wife of his bosom in the wee sma' hours and proceeded to disrobe. "John," said his wife, "you haven't got your undervest on. You were wearing it when you left this morning, I'm perfectly sure." Her spouse glanced down for a moment, puzzled and guilty. Then, like a flash, came the inspiration. "Good God," he said, "I've been robbed!"

—*London Mail*.

"History Is Bunk"

The 1924 pure cheek prize goes to Henry Ford's paper, the *Dearborn Independent*, which has just attacked Bernard Shaw on the ground that he doesn't know history.

—*H. Brown, in New York World*.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: Do you believe there's a devil?

SECOND DITTO: No! It's like Santa Claus. It's your father.

—*London Daily News*.

NEWER version—When in Rome do as the Fascisti.—*New York Sun*.

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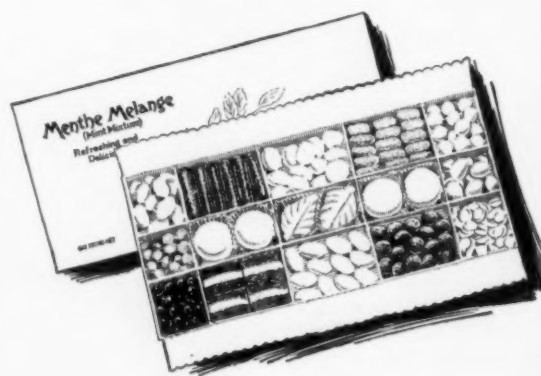
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THE BURT and PACKARD "Korrek Shape"

(LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK STAMPED ON SOLE.)

The smartness, style and individuality of "Korrek Shape" shoes are evident at a glance—

"They Have That Look"

but their many built-in qualities and the foot freedom and foot comfort they afford can only be appreciated by experience in wearing them.

"Korrek Shape" shoes fit, hold and support the feet—in style. They have been doing so for more than fifty years.

\$10
for most
styles

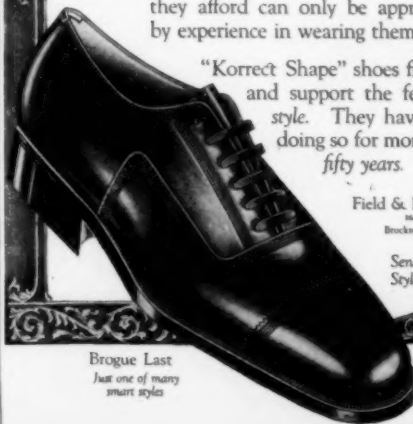
Field & Flint Co.
Brockton, Mass.

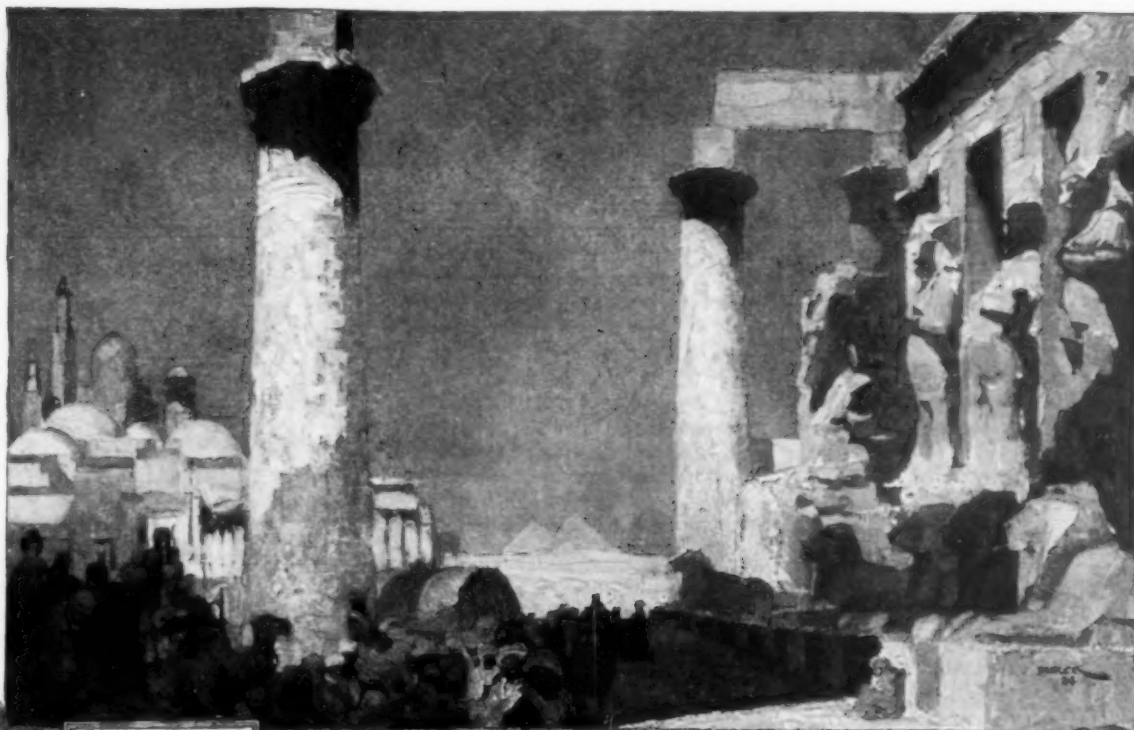
Send for
Style Booklet.

All "Korrek Shape" Shoes are molded to the lasts under ½-ton pressure.



Brogue Last
Just one of many
smart styles





TO THE GATEWAY PORTS OF THE WORLD

Fourth Week. Port Said, Gateway to Egypt... And here you enter the land of golden sands, golden sunshine, golden days... The Nile. Dahabiyehs gliding past. Temples and tombs on the brown banks. 6000 years spring to life... Cairo. Bazaars filled with tumult

and treasures. Water-carriers. Giant Nubians. Veiled women. Mosques. The Coptic Church, where the Christ-Child slept... The Pyramids, with the magic line leading from earth to stars. Camels. The Sphinx... Thus, through Egypt, the mystic, the ancient, the seductive.

Come, voyage the Gateway Ports

SCATTERED over the seven seas is a series of ports. Like Port Said, each port is a gateway. It leads into some far country—reveals some strange culture—goes back to some epochal history. It is an entree to romance.

Let a person voyage the circuit of the gateway ports. He returns, a new individual. Glowing in health and spirits. Expanded in living knowledge. He has met his world. He has lived his history. Now is he a cosmopolite—most fascinating of personalities.

Canadian Pacific has arranged these gateway ports into two voyages. Both start next Winter.

Next Winter! Not so far away. Break out of your narrowing environment. Step aboard. Wave adieu to the stay-at-homes.

On a Canadian Pacific "Empress"—you begin this life fascinating—this life of the voyager. No cares! Canadian Pacific assumes them all.

No responsibilities. Canadian Pacific experience handles the wheel. Yet this adventure supreme costs no more, per week, than would comparable luxury at any shore resort.

Plan now to go. Where these gateway ports are, what they lead to, how the cruises are arranged—all is told in fascinating literature. Write, phone, call offices listed.

ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE

from New York, January 27th, 121 days. Returning via Panama. "Empress of France", chosen twice for voyages by Lord Renfrew—the Prince of Wales. 19,000 gross tons.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

from New York, February 9th, 64 days. "Empress of Scotland", her fourth cruise in these waters. 25,000 gross tons.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CRUISES

ATLANTA, 49 N. Forsyth St. • BELLINGHAM, WASH., 1252 Elk St. • BOSTON, 405 Boylston St. • BUFFALO, 160 Pearl St. • CHICAGO, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. • CINCINNATI, 201 Dixie Term. Bldg. • CLEVELAND, 1040 Prospect Ave. • DETROIT, 1219 Griswold St. • DULUTH, Soo Line Depot • KANSAS CITY, 601 Ry. Exch. Bldg. • LOS ANGELES, 605 So. Spring St. • MILWAUKEE, 68 Wisconsin St. • MINNEAPOLIS, 611 2nd Ave. S. • NEW YORK, 142 Madison Ave. • ST. LOUIS, 420 Locust St. • PHILADELPHIA, Locust St. at 15th • PITTSBURGH, 140 Sixth Ave. • PORTLAND, ORE., 55 Third St. • ST. PAUL, First National-Soo Line Bldg. • SAN FRANCISCO, 675 Market St. • SEATTLE, 608 Second Ave. • SPOKANE, WASH. • TACOMA, 1111 Pacific Ave. • WASHINGTON, D. C., 1419 New York Ave. • IN CANADA—MONTREAL, 141 St. James St. • WINNIPEG, Main and Portage Sts. • TORONTO, Canadian Pacific Bldg. • VANCOUVER, 434 Hastings St. West

AND OFFICES EVERYWHERE

MONTAMOWER

New—Different
More Efficient



Fight pair of cutters driven by eight wheels gather and shear the grass evenly.

The First Really New Lawnmower for Generations

Ten years of experiment and development were necessary to perfect Montamower. Simple, durable, built to give satisfaction and long service. Light—handles as easily as a rake. Weighs only 7½ lbs.—operated by a woman or child without effort—practically noiseless.

Trims and Cuts at Same Time

Montamower is so designed that it cuts right up to walls, trees, etc.—no fringe left—no handwork necessary. Cuts grass perfectly—leaves no marks or ridges—does not pick up sticks or stones. Thousands of satisfied owners.

Easily Kept Sharp

Montamower cutters sharpen themselves like scissors—they will last from two or four years. At end of that time cutters can be replaced by new ones at no more expense than sharpening ordinary lawnmower.

The Montamower has one qualification in common with ordinary lawnmowers. It will not operate satisfactorily in wet, swampy places nor in loose sand. The best results are obtained by cutting the grass when it is fairly dry.

Order A Montamower Today

Send check or draft for \$18 direct to factory. Guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded. Delivery charges prepaid if remittance accompanies order. Delivery guaranteed on date specified in your order.

MONTAGUE MFG. CO.

148 Louis St. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Export Dept., 19-25 West 44th St., New York City

Enclosed find remittance of \$18.00. Please send one Montamower to this address on or

about _____ date _____
Name _____
Address _____

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Superstition

"Are you superstitious?" the charming woman asked the Brave Young Man, who pulled down his white waistcoat and said, "Rather not!" "Well," said the charming woman, "I wish you'd take these Egyptian scarabs and keep them. They've brought me the most ghastly luck!" The Brave Young Man took them.

He fell upstairs and sprained his ankle, his aunt died and he found he was cut out of her will, his car skidded into a lamp standard, nearly killing him, a burglar broke into his flat and stole £5, his golf clubs, and a bottle of whisky.

"Of course," cried the Brave Young Man, "those damned scarabs!"

When he came home late he seemed to see ancient Egyptian figures lurking on the stairs. He was frightened to enter a dark room. He took the cursed scarabs to the British Museum.

"These," said an expert, "are modern forgeries!"

—*"Beachcomber," in London Express.*

Disappointingly Human

SMALL BOY (at dock): Papa, those are not real sailors, are they?

PAPA: Indeed they are. Why do you think they are not?

"Why, I've been watching them for 'most an hour, an' I haven't seen one of them hitch his trousers an' stand on one leg an' say, 'Yo-ho, my hearties!' once."

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

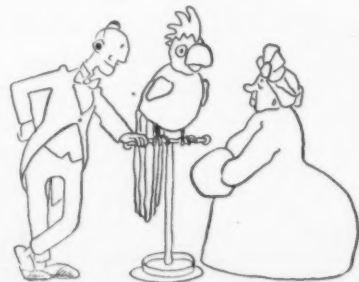
After Graduation

COLLEGE SENIOR: Well, I certainly have worked hard for my degree.

ALUMNUS: Never mind. You probably won't have to work for a long time after you get it.—*Denison Flamingo.*

EXTRACT from a Worcester schoolboy's nature study notes:

"It passes all the winter in its crystal set, and then emerges as a beautiful butterfly."—*London Daily Herald.*



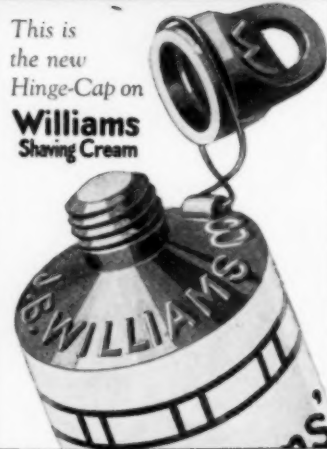
"CAN HE SPEAK?"

"NO, BUT HE'S A SPLENDID LISTENER."
—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is
the new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

They all say
GLOVER'S
does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City



DISTEMPER!

Its cure and prevention, in
Free Kennel Manual
Send today to

DEL CREO
DOG REMEDIES

Dept. L.F., Delson Chemical Company
42 Penn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

GATES TOURS to EUROPE

30 to 80 days, \$425 and up. Sailings from May to September. These Tours are planned by skilled experts with over thirty years of successful experience. Write for booklet N-13.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1892

"World Travel at Moderate Cost"

225 Fifth Avenue, New York London Paris Rome

Sure Relief



BELLANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

will be toiling and spinning to pay for all the fine raiment I have bought, nor would it be right to put upon him further in behalf of another man...Encountered Mary Leigh in a shop, and we to luncheon at a publick, and M. began to scandalize about the doings of her niece's set, but I bade her stop, for I will hear further talk of the younger generation no more than I will ever eat cocoanut again or sit through another performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

April
16th

Greatly cast down this morning to learn from the balance that I have regained the weight I dropped during my dyspepsia, and I do believe I could endure my malady again, the psychological satisfaction of a distaste for food being tremendous. Lord! when I am in health, I am at some pains to divert my mind from hollandaise sauce, but when my digestion goes awry, the mere thought of one unadorned string bean upsets my composure. I am thereby reminded of a line I once heard in a musickal comedy lyric which marked how strange it is that everything we most enjoy doing is either wrong, expensive or injurious....In the evening to Mistress Ruth Roberts's for a game of cards, and I did mark the even tenor of my life at present and my thirst for some excitement, nor were the words out of my mouth before there was a great banging on the door followed by a cry of "Fire!" and we were forced to make our way down to the street through more smoke and flame than I ever want to come so close to again, and Sam quoth, When you talk to the gods after this, call your shots! and I do believe the company would have drowned me had we been on shipboard.

Baird Leonard.

The Joshings of Long Tung

T'EN KAN, a disciple of Long Tung from the Province of Hoo, approached the sage, and spake:

"Most Worthy Long Tung, Master of a Thousand ProFOUND Subtleties, tell me—is the Magic Span of Life longer to him who hath married than to that crass mortal who seeketh his selfish way in single solitude?"

"No, my boy," replied Long Tung, "but by the august floating rib of the Great Buddha, it hath every indication of seeming longer."

* * *

"Long Tung," said Wei So (also called the not-unamiable idiot), "I have by reason of my superior mentality bartered bronze for gold, yet my unsuspecting victim goeth his way rejoicing and blessing my posterity. Have you any elegant reason why I cannot perform this meritorious act indefinitely?"

"Thou ivory-headed ape," Long Tung made answer. "Hearken! Thou canst cozen part of the inglorious multitude all of a million million to-morrows; thou canst impose thy guile upon all of it for considerably less a period; but—" And turning to Ah Poo and Un Hung, his favorite disciples, he waved a gracile fan in their direction.

"Thou canst not bedazzle the entire population over an unlimited cycle of winged years," concluded Ah Poo and Un Hung in unison, smiling with the fatuousness of their self-bestowed perfection.

* * *

"Long Tung," said the Mandarin Dum Eg of the Province of Cheng, "may I inquire into the identity of the gentlewoman in whose presence I, with these base eyes, observed you somewhere around the hour of the Black Dragon?"

"Know, Illustrious," replied Long Tung, "that gentlewoman in whose presence you deigned to notice my scarcely condign person at the hour of the Black Dragon was not a gentlewoman, she, and may I permit a discreet blush to cover my unseemly countenance, was your favorite spouse."

H. W. H.



Smoke the New Way!

NOW you are to have a new joy in smoking—and a new convenience. Yes, and a new measure of safety too. It is the cleverest thing in smoking equipment—this

SMOKADOR SMOKING TUBE

In New York it is quite the thing to use a Smokador Smoking Tube—very smart! And that may be reason enough for you to buy one, but you will use it and keep on using it because it adds to the pleasure of a cigarette. Working at your desk, you will find the Tube a wonderful convenience. Lounging in an easy chair, you will find it a great comfort.

Smokador Smoking Tube is a quality product—beautiful amber-colored Bakelite, highest quality silk-covered tube, perfect ejector. It's easier to carry than your cigarettes. Contained in its beautiful leather case, it slips into any pocket.

Be the first among your friends to use a Smokador Smoking Tube—spring it on them! But you will have to hurry—its practical advantages are popularizing it. Order your Smokador Smoking Tube now. The entire outfit, including smoking tube complete, the rubber suction and clip for holder, and the case—everything—is only \$5.00.

SMOKADOR SALES CO. INC.
130 West 42nd St., New York City



Pat'd Feb. 28, 1924

Dealers: Write for proposition

SMOKADOR SALES CO. INC.
130 West 42nd St., New York City

Please send me a Smokador Smoking Tube complete with beautiful leather case. I will pay the postman \$5.00, plus a few cents carrying charge.

If you prefer, send the \$5.00 with your order and we will prepay the carrying charge.



Reedsdale Cigarettes for the Captain

Someone has said, "Modest virtue ne'er self-sung, finds its good proclaimed by others."

We have tried to be modest about Reedsdale Cigarettes. We have refrained from superlatives. We have freely admitted that, since there can be no one best cigarette, the Reedsdale cannot be best to everyone.

But when a Reedsdale smoker feels inspired to proclaim Reedsdale virtues in no uncertain terms, we are human enough to yield the forum.

The Captain writes from Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I have smoked cigarettes for twenty years. I have tried every one sold in the average cigar store, from the cheapest to the most expensive. But never have I smoked as good a cigarette as Reedsdale. It is mild and satisfactory; absolutely a perfect cigarette."

We cannot say, "I told you so," for the Captain is a better booster than ever we dared to be.

But the Captain may be right. If we were on the outside and we read a testimonial like his, and we weren't quite satisfied with our present brand, we believe we'd try the cigarette he thinks so well of.

□ □

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 113 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"We Want Bigger and Better Wars"

(Continued from page 13)

3. On June 1 the League of Nations will announce that the first dividend will have to be passed, on account of lack of markets for the organization's products.

If this doesn't bring on a new war, then I haven't rheumatism and bad dogs from the last one.

H. J. MANKIEWICZ,
378 Central Park West,
New York City.

Please Remit

ENCOURAGE American merchants and manufacturers to extend unlimited credit to all European nations with a guarantee that the U. S. Government will act as collection agent.

E. N. RICHARDSON,
Box 206, Tonopah, Nevada.

Mark Twain's Formula

(The following quotation was discovered by W. L. Werner, of State College, Pa., in Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger." It is offered here as striking confirmation of the ancient rumor that there is nothing new under the sun.)

"I CAN see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS

There is a style for every taste and a size for every home. You buy a lifetime of perfect refrigeration whatever your choice.



Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEE-T, a salicy cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all: the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at Drug and Department stores. Trial tube 10c by mail.

Hannibal Phar. Co., 611 Olive, St. Louis, Mo. **TRY IT**



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
the Aged, etc.
Avoid Imitations

Rhymed Reviews

The Interpreter's House

By Struthers Burt

Chas. Scribner's Sons

To wartime France, to far Japan,
Then homeward fared the poet Gu-
lian,

A handsome, chivalrous young man
Of sunbrown cheek and eye cerulean.

A roving blade of thirty-five,
With means enough and rich rela-
tions,
He buzzed around the human hive
A while and made his observations:

He found our youngsters pleasure-mad,
Their elders likewise rash and heady
(Our philosophic Galahad
His own wild oats had sown al-
ready).

A lady bound to build a Past
Her charms before him deftly dan-
gled;

By Dame "Zuleika" Prendegast
This Joseph scorned to be entangled.

Our hero's clan were called the Eyres;
He found himself compelled to han-
dle
Their high finance and heart affairs
To shield the tribal name from
scandal.

In all respects this knight behaved
Like any paladin of story,
And married—having duly, saved—
That frisky flapper, Lael Satori.

Belike my Muse, the malapert,
Has made the picture uninviting?
Then take my word that Struthers
Burt
Has done a splendid piece of writing;

And read a novel, ably wrought,
Of human ring-around-a-rosy
Replete with vivid, honest thought,
That doesn't sin by growing prosy.

A. G.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

Franklin, Julia Ward Howe, and An-
thony Comstock. Interesting, but de-
pressing both in general and in partic-
ular. In general, because the idea seems to
be that if we Americans are ever going
to get anywhere we must confront facts
in our life and art as we have con-
fronted them in our physical environ-
ment, and that seems a large order; in
particular—well, take, for instance, the
revelation that when P. T. Barnum had
a sudden conviction of sin during the
night, he got out of bed, went down to
the cellar, and knocked the heads off
all his champagne bottles. If that isn't
depressing, I don't know what is.

Diana Warwick.



a 1-2-3-4 Boncilla Facial

Makes You a Go-Getter

Keep your eye on the top-notch and you'll find he always
has that "just-out-of-the-bandbox" appearance. *He* has the
up-and-coming Boncilla look about him. It helps *him* get
what he wants. *He* knows it has a big dollar and cents value.

Here's How It's Done

Just say "Boncilla Facial" to that friend o' man—your
barber—and get the surprise of your life. You'll *look* and
feel like a new man.

The genuine BONCILLA face PULL cannot be described
—it must be EXPERIENCED. Ask your barber to give
you the whole works—the beautifier, the cold cream, the
vanishing cream and the powder. It takes them all to give
you that ruddy ROYAL FLUSH. If he leaves out any one
of them—SOMETHING'S LACKING.

Boncilla goes far below the surface, pulls out clogged
grime, stimulates the flow of rich, red blood which feeds the
tissues and muscles, erases the wrinkles and makes you
look younger.

At first, treat yourself to new vigor twice a week. Later,
once a week will keep you atop.

But don't forget *her*. There are several sizes of complete Boncilla
sets at the toilet goods counters in drug and department stores. Slip a
50c Boncilla Pack-O-Beauty in your side pocket, or better still, if you
want to make her a *real* gift, take her the Ideal No. 37 Boncilla set—
contains full sizes in a gift box.

How SHE Will Know

Here's the guarantee that proves you wise. The
Boncilla Method is guaranteed to do these seven definite
things, or your money refunded:

- 1—Clear the complexion and give it color.
- 2—Cleanse and close enlarged pores.
- 3—Eliminate excess oiliness.
- 4—Remove blackheads and pimples.
- 5—Lift out the lines.
- 6—Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles.
- 7—Make the skin soft and smooth.



**Boncilla
Laboratories**
Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian Boncilla
Laboratories, Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.



NO-NIC-O-TINE CIGARS

Smoke As Much As You Like Men!

Here's a New Supermild Cigar With the Harm Removed

"Cut out smoking!" "Cut down smoking!" Every man has had this advice dinned into his ears. Now we tell you, "smoke as much as you like and as often as you like, but smoke a cigar of the finest quality imported tobacco from which the harm in smoking, the nicotine, has been removed".

After twenty-five years of cigar manufacture, we have discovered the only process by which nicotine can be extracted from tobacco without the use of chemicals, and still without impairing the aromatic fragrance and the complete satisfaction in every puff which makes a good cigar man's favorite companion.

Right now let's settle a question in your mind. Nicotine adds nothing to the enjoyment of cigar smoking. It's a negative quantity. Nicotine is an odorless, obnoxious drug with only harmful effects. Dizziness, jumpy nerves, depression, those are the effects of nicotine; not comfort, solace and relaxation.

What makes the enjoyment in smoking indescribable, but the flavor, fragrance and aroma are largely accountable for the satisfaction found in a good cigar—not the nicotine.

An Imported Tobacco Cigar

No-Nic-O-Tine Cigars are made of the finest quality imported tobacco, full Havana filled with the choicest Sumatra wrappers properly aged and mellowed. No cigar selling for less than two for a quarter can compare with them in quality and flavor, and no cigar on the market can equal their mildness, obtained by removing the nicotine.

Send now for a trial box of ten of these fragrant, mellow cigars which you can smoke incessantly without harm to your health or vitality. Only by selling them direct to you, can we make this price offer of ten super smokes for a dollar.

If you don't think a No-Nic-O-Tine Cigar lives up to what we say about it, return the remainder of the box and your money will be refunded.

Send in your order today and revolutionize your smoke habits—not less smoking, but more. **\$1.00 for trial box of ten cigars.**

LINCOLN & ULMER

Suite 502-504

132 West 43rd St., New York City

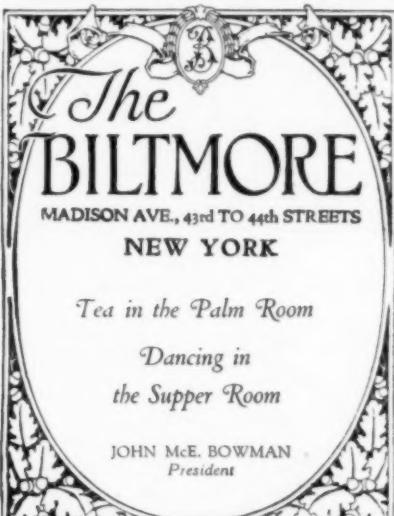
April

SPRING hath opened wide her gate—
Some one—some one's coming.
Nesting birds are all elate;
Folded buds expectant wait;
Happy bees are humming.
Up the hill and down the glade,
Through the shine and through the shade—
Never was so fair a maid—
April—April's coming!

Constant? No—that's April's way,
Cloud and gracious shining—
Mood of March and mirth of May
Meet to make an April day,
Smile and frown combining.
She's the hoyden of the year,
Lip a-laugh and eye a-tear—
April's coming—April's here
Showering and shining.

J. B. H.

PATENTS Write today for free instruction book and Record of Invention blank. Send sketch or model for personal opinion. CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN, Registered Patent Lawyer, 197-B Security Savings & Com'l Bank Bld'g, directly across st. from Patent Office, Washington, D. C.



The BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room

Dancing in the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

Overheard by the Lions

SCENE: In Front of the Public Library

"AND this afternoon we'll visit the Aquarium in Central Park."

"I know a certain restaurant—but you mustn't tell a soul—where they don't sell any liquor."

"Yes, this is the Pennsylvania Station. The Grand Central's on Fourteenth Street."

"The automatic telephones make such wonderful toys. The children amuse themselves all day inventing numbers and calling up on them."

"There goes the red light. That means there's a crime being committed somewhere."

"Oh, look! There's a new colored taxicab. It's yellow."

"Made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind."

—PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

THE LIFE OF WOODROW WILSON

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Secretary of the Navy During the Eight Years
of the Wilson Administration.

THE TRUE STORY OF WOODROW WILSON

"This book is a life of Wilson, the man, as I saw him and knew him. I am familiar with the life of the former President. There are and will be many more lives of the war President written, all from different viewpoints. It is my aim to present the life, the whole life, of the man—his character, surroundings, environment—what he embodied. I want to lay bare the true Woodrow Wilson as man, politician, teacher, father, President. I will seek to show what his life meant to his country and the world."

Josephus Daniels

Octavo

Cloth

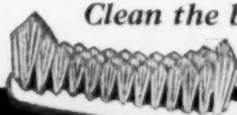
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Clean the back teeth. The large end tuft cleans even the backs of the back teeth.



Pro-phy-lac-tic.

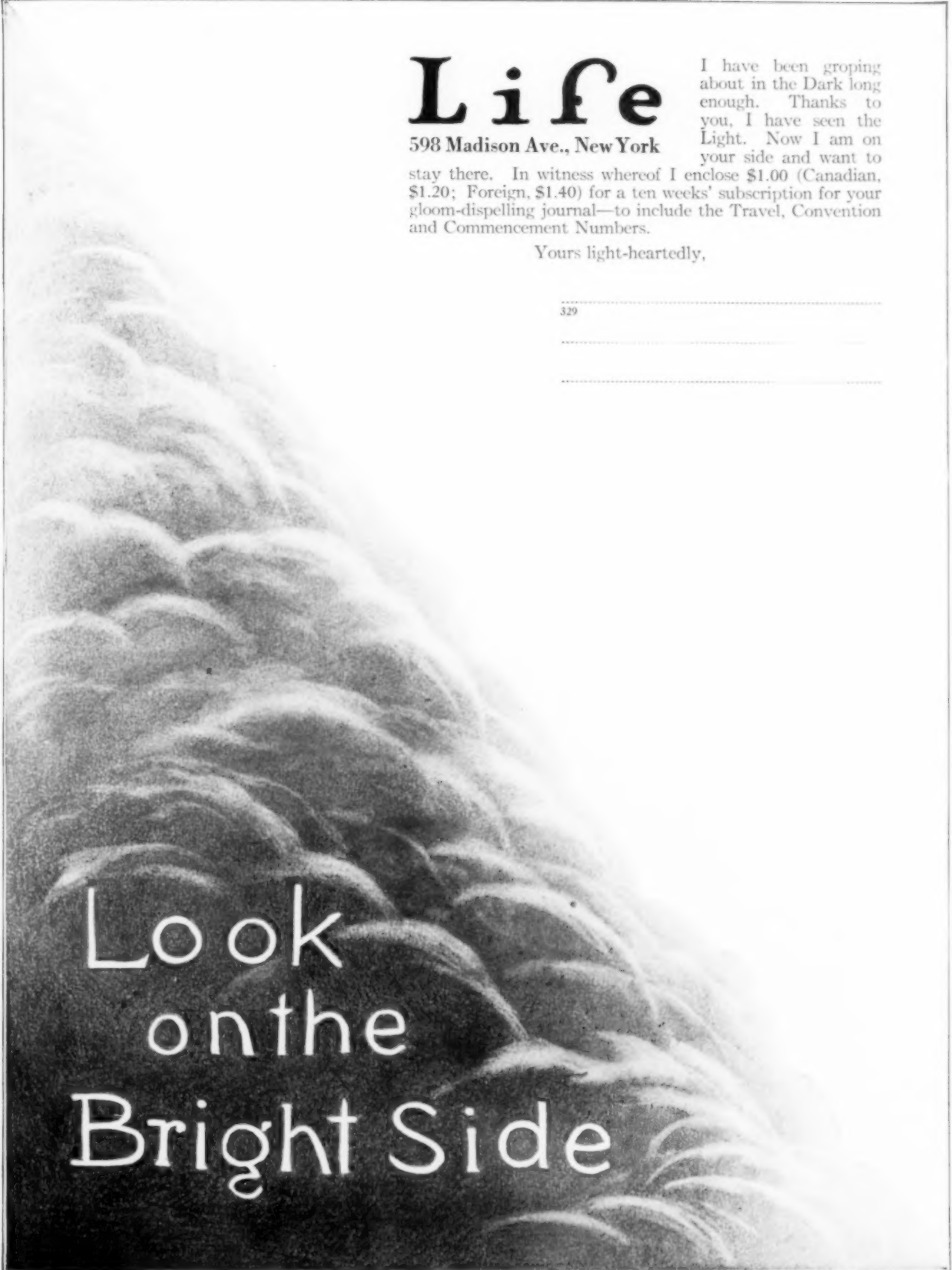
Life

598 Madison Ave., New York

I have been groping about in the Dark long enough. Thanks to you, I have seen the Light. Now I am on your side and want to stay there. In witness whereof I enclose \$1.00 (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40) for a ten weeks' subscription for your gloom-dispelling journal—to include the Travel, Convention and Commencement Numbers.

Yours light-heartedly,

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Look
on the
Bright Side

COLGATE'S

for better shaving



Uncle Freemantle Tobias Hopkins was a retired sea captain.

He had been almost shipwrecked in every quarter of the globe; he had fought pirates; he had met cannibals in their Sunday clothes, and monkeys in South Sea Islands had stunned him by dropping cocoanuts on his head.

Once there was a mutiny on Uncle Freemantle's ship, and when he got it quelled he had hardly a whisker left.

"After that," he said, "I'd 'a' shaved clean every day if I'd 'a' had anything good for makin' lather."

Uncle Freemantle would certainly have appreciated Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

It makes a wonderful lather for softening the beard *at the base*—where the razor's work is done.

Besides making shaving easy, Colgate's leaves the face soothed and velvety, with no smart or disagreeable dryness.

If you would like a free trial tube containing cream enough for 12 easier shaves than you have ever had, please fill out and mail the attached coupon.

Large tube
35c



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23

199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name _____

Address _____



This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair of the beard. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture